

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* What saiest thou, mistress quickly: how doeth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Falst.* Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

*Prin.* What sayst thou Iacke?

*Falst.* The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, Iacke?

*Falst.* Wilt thou belecue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my Lord hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said he would cudgell you.

*Prince* What he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Falst.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more trueth in thee, then in a drawne foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Falst.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Host.* I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Falst.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Falst.* What beast? why, an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, sir John? why an Otter?

*Falst.* Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and he slaunders thee most grossely.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, You ought

*Henrie the fourth.*

ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Falst.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald pou Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Falst.* Did I, Bardoll?

*Bar.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Falst.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prin.* If say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Falst.* Why, Hal? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpes.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Falst.* The king himselfe, is to bee feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horefon impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Falst.* Doest thou heare, Hal? thou knowst in the state of innocencie, Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstalfe do in the daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appeares so by the storie.

*Falst.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee, goe make ready breakefast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find mee tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone.

*Exit Hostesse.*

Now, Hal, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

*Prin.*